Written for The Evening Star.

and, oh. Adele, you never in your life met so perfectly delightful a man!"

time here with me," her sister-in-law continued, "because you've got half the boys in Oldham county for beaux, but let me tell you there isn't any five of them put to- there gether that have as much brains as Phillips Adams. And then he's not like these cowboy sort of fellows. He's never let down and gotten careless, as so many eastern people do here in the west. He's a descendant of the Adams family, a graduate of Harvard, and he never forgets

Adele looked a bit doubtful, "I shouldn't think he'd fancy me at all," she objected. She was far too amiable to say that she could not help particularly detesting the glacial, tiresomely perfect sort of man her

sister-in-law had pictured. "He must, Adele, he must!" cried Olive Maynard, almost with tears. "Forgive me, dear, for saying it, but you mustn't—you 'fraid of mustn't—get into any of your queer scrapes, will plans. We heart will

or propose any wild plans. My heart will be broken if you and Phillips don't just adore each other."

"I don't happen to things, you know," remonstrated Adele gently. "I can't help it if things happen to me, can 1?"

"No," replied Olive, laughing a little. "I begin to think you're a meaver which at

begin to think you're a magnet which at-tracts the lightnings of calamity. Burt says so, and being your brother he ought to know. He says that safe fords turn boggy when you ride into them; dry arroyos pour down a wall of water and swamp you if you try to cross them. He avers that any team, however old and staid, will cut and run Eke newly-roped broncos when you're behind them. I told him that if you did get into difficulties, you were clever about managing to get out of them; but he said that there never was any one so fertile in suggestions of the maddest sort, and that your expedients about management. expedients always worked the utmost possible disaster. Adele sighed a little. "Burt always talks

that way," she assented, "and, oh, Olive, I do get so tired of it! I will try to do just like other people all the time we're at the Brown's—to please you, if not your wonderful Mr. Adams."

Olive reflected with satisfaction that there was scarcely anything unusual which could happen to them at a Christmas dinner, such as the one to which the Browns had invited them. invited them. Taey were to drive over Christmas eve if they could, to spend the night with the Brown girls, and on Christmas day about all the available bachelor-kood of Oldham county, including Philips Adams, was bidden to Christmas dinner. Olive was too optimistic to borrow trouble, even when it became necessary for Burt to go lifty miles to look at some horses the day before Christmas. "I hate to leave you girls to drive over alone," he said; but I've got to go and look at the bunch, whether I buy or not. I'll try to get to the Flying M in time for dinrer. When I think of Dele I experience no uncertainty—I just expect the worst."

"Adele" exclaimed Glive stanchly. "Why. she's lived on a graphely.

she's lived on a ranch all her life. She's a regular frontierswoman."

Burt laughed. "You'll find out about Adele," he warned. "If I find the ranch

Adele," he warned. "If I find the ranch here when I get back—the ground, I mean, not the improvements—I'll be glad. As for yourself, this is a solemn, last farewell." and, kissing her, he mounted his pony and rede away, still laughing.

He had scarcely been gone an hour when

a messenger arrived from the Browns, to say that Mr. Brown's half sister in Tascosa was sick, and the Christmas dinner given up, that the women folk might attend upon

olive almost wept. "It's too late to in-vite any one here," she moaned, "when our nearest neighbor is twenty miles off. And anyhow I couldn't get Phillips Adams, and it was mainly to have you meet him that I cared to go."

that I cared to go."

that I cared to go."

Adele would not say that the fact that she was not to be exhibited to the paragon was, to her, a relief, "We can have a pleasant Christmas at home alone," she comforted. "We folks here in Texas, on ranches, can't expect to keep Christmas like you did back east. We just take our fun wherever we can get it, and if it hits on a holiday, why, so much the better."

Yet, on Christmas morning, when Adele returned from the big gate, where she had

returned from the big gate, where she had gone to waich for some one passing, by whom to send a letter to town, she was very much elated over the message she "We're to go after all!" she shouted, as

she came in sight of the ranch house. She pulled off her Tam O'Shanter and flung it

up.
Christmas on a remote ranch, with two young girls alone, and rather afraid, had, after all, been a somewhat dreary prospect.
"Oh, Olive, do you hear? The girls are back, and we're to get over as soon as pos-

When Olive, anxious to be convinced, yet doubtful of the information, inquired fur-ther, "Bright Selwin came past with his outfit," she announced, "and he said that Pate Eccles told him. Let's hurry. We'll be in time for dinner if we hurry." "Are you sure?" doubted Olive. "Adele.

the old invitation, sent before they gave up the dinner."

"Oh, no," insisted Adele, "this is all right. Come on. Pedro says the horses are all out, and he'll just have to catch up what he can get. But there's nothing-nothing-nothing can stop us now!" and she danced away, looking so happy and so exquisitely pretty that Olive's objections evaporated, and she went to hunt up the old Mexican who served as man-of-all-work about the place, to see if some sort of team could be found for them, all fear that this was only the first chapter in what Burt called "on of Adele's 'Cycles of Calamity," quite lost in the thought that she would meet Phillips Adams at the dinner, that they must

most to the altar, when Pedro came up with the horses.
"I got you the best I can do," he said, as "I got you the best I can do," he said, as he brought up a buckboard, to which he had harnessed Redeye and Fiddler. "These here team is pretty bad horse." And so they were, for Fiddler was as wild and senseless as possible, and Redeye unquestionably vicious.

instantaneously fall in love, and that she, Olive, would have her sister-in-law for a next neighbor. She had gotten them al-

As they climbed into the vehicle, and Olive took the lines, Adele exclaimed, "Let 'em go, Pedro. Oh, we're not afraid." If her brother could have known what was happening at this moment, he cer-tainly would, as he had said he should do,

have apprehended the very worst.

The horses gave one or two aimless plunges, the two pulling in opposite directions; and finally, jerking the buckboard along as though it were merely an inci-dental part of the performance, reached the

big road, and settled down to fairly steady But Adele jumped every time Fiddler did,

which alone was quite enough to wear her out, for the horse had gotten his name from his nervous, fidgeting manner of travwhich alone was quite enough to wear her out, for the horse had gotten his name from his nervous, fidgeting manner of traveling. "Oh, no wonder they call him Redeye!" she shuddered, as the animal so named kicked up viciously against the single-tree, then rolled his lurid orb around upon the girls, as if to note how they

Yet, in spite of some minor mishaps, and

ly hungry.

The house appeared to be shut up, and

The house appeared to be shut up, and everything about the place looked desolate and inhospitable. There was no welcoming face at door or window. Olive held the team, while Adele got out and knocked and

Finally, when they were about to give up and go away, the kitchen door opened a be old woman."

In the stay linder the root with that terrible old woman."

They got their belongings together, and a before yester-bed, to see some o' th'er kin' t's sick."

They got their belongings together, and addle, who was first at the door, turned with an exclamation of terror. It was locked on the outside!

They ran to the one window-a back She did not ask them to stay. Indeed,

"I know he'll be charmed with you—and, oh, Adele, you never in your life met so perfectly delightful a man!"

Adele nodded, with dark eyes like stars.

"You think you've been having a good stars are or not, the girls managed to get the team unharnessed and turned into the pasture, and they, themselves, went into the house. There was no fire anywhere, except in the kitchen, so they sat down

The young woman was not at all hopeful looking, and her mother, an evil-faced old half-breed Indian squaw, who was sitting by the stove as they went in, was positive-

This was, to say the least, chilling. Olive ignored the remark, and asked the young woman if she could get them something to eat, or even a cup of coffee, saying that they would start back as soon as they were

they would start back as soon as they were a little rested and refreshed.

"Yes," growled the old woman, "you'll go off an' say I break in Mr. Brown's room, an' steal whisky, I know. I been drunk as this a many time, an' didn't have none o' Mr. Brown's whisky. I make a heap trouble when I'm like I feel now. Folks is 'fraid of me," and she broke into a cackling laugh.

"I wish," said Olive to the young woman,
"that you'd have some of the men come
and hitch up our horses, and then you can just give us a bit of bread and butter, or something, and we'll go."

The young woman, who plainly could not

do anything with her mother, and was even a little afraid of her, had long since abandoned any attempt to get dinner, or

even to quiet the old woman.

"They hain't a man on the place." she replied, as she sat whimpering and rocking her baby, "nor a soul but mother an' me, an' the baby. The cowboys is all gone to town fer Christmas, an' the boy what does chores, he's gone, too." chores, he's gone, too."

Adele started to her feet. "Come right

she cried, "we'll harness up, our selves.

"I'll make you some troubles before you gits away!" shouted the old woman after them, as they sallied forth to the pasture to drive the reluctant Redeye and the unconsenting Fiddler into the corral.

The pair had gotten into the bunch of Flying M horses, and it was only after fifteen minutes of breathless running, heading off and shouting that they were

finally brought up to the corral gate.

When they had at last been laboriously gotten there, it was found that the gate was shut, and the old woman whom they had left at the house, and almost forgotten in the excitement of the chase, stood before it and vigorously "shooed" the team away, and then mocked the girls' anguish. "Oh!" wailed Adele, "I don't see what

we can do, unless we jump on the horse and ride off." Olive gave her a glance of disdain, "Oh yes," she agreed, "you jump on Fiddler-you'll only have to jump fifteen feet or so to do it—and I'll leap gracefully onto

Redeve! Just then they discovered that the young woman had by some means lured her mother away, and coaxed their two horses

mother away, and coaxed their two horses through the corral gate.

"Come on," cried Adele briskly, "we'll just harness up now, and go right home. Oh, I'm so glad! Thank you." And she quite beamed upon their deliverer.

Harness up! They could quite as successfully have harnessed up a streak of lightning and the north wind. They ran and chased and coaxed, all about the smaller inclosure, and the horses got wilder and snorted louder every minute.

snorted louder every minute.

At this juncture Adele came forward with one of her inspired suggestions. "We'll rope 'em," she declared.
"Lasso them, do you mean?" queried

Olive, who was not quite familar with Texas cattle vernacular. "Why, can you throw a lasso?" "No, but I can sit up here on top of the corral fence, and hold this noose out; and you can chase 'em around the corral; and

when they run their heads through the noose, why we'll have 'em, don't you see?"
"Yes, oh, yes," jeered Olive. "When a horse runs his head through there—which he'll never do unless he's stone blind—he'll jerk you off that fence, and far, far into a vague and equivoes! (Stare,

a vague and equivocal future."
"No, no," protested Adele, "I'll pay out the rope gradually. I understand it.

go on Olive laughe yet over the remembrance of that picture. Adele, who was a slender little thing, with masses of dead black hair, and solemn big black eyes, perched on the fence, white as death and trem-lling, but resolved, her great black eyes blazing, and every big freckle showing out against the blank pallor of her little face, holding that dangling noose out at arm's length, waiting for those wild horses to come up and run their heads through She was tempted to sing out, "Dilly, Di Dilly come up and be killed!" But Adele's in tense earnestness discouraged any flip pancy, so she gathered her impeding skirts in one hand, and, feeling like a clown in a circus, chased those horses around and around the corral, they snorting and going twenty feet wide every time they came to the dangling ncose, and Adele asking fiercely why she didn't drive them right up through it, while the young woman argued and advised, the baby howled and the old woman screamed and cackled like

a witch. Finally Adele suggested, pointing to little chicken house at one end of the cor-ral, "Can't we drive them into that?" Olive thought the idea a good one (though she had begun to regard with suspicion any suggestion that came from Adele), and they both made a sudden, savage dive at old Redeye, who was just approaching the

little shed, and in he went. She had barely slammed the flapping door to and opened her lips to shout self-congratulations, when something went off like a cannon. The door burst off its hinges and knocked both of the girls down flat; the sides of the house flew out in every direction, plank by plank, with the sounds of brisk musketry, and with a firel sounds of brisk musketry, and, with a final kick, in which he almost stood on his nese, old Redeye tossed the flimsy roof skyward and bounced off.

As the girls crawled out from under the mangled door, and while Redeye was disseminating the fragments of the chicken house, they saw the Flying M garrison withdrawing from the chicken house. withdrawing from the corral. They swarmed up over the fence, baby and all, and shot cut across the pasture to the house. And they stood not upon the order of their going, for the dreadful old woman led the procession, clearing the fence like a sailor, and running like a mustang, her wicked cackle silenced for once. When Olive got to her feet and surveyed

Adele as central figure of this scene-grotesque, despite its close approach to tragic-she felt a deep sense of gratitude that at least Phillips Adams was not there to see. Yea, thrice better were it to be in danger and distress with none to help, than to be rescued from such absurd ca-lamity by him, and, as a result, have all her romantic plans "nipped in the flowe

and faded in the bud." "I'm going to the house," she announced,

parently, no one at home.

They guessed that the two Indian wo-

some larger frights, they did finally reach the Flying M ranch about half-past 1 o'clock, in high good spirits, and ravenousused as a sitting room, and sat down repair damages and talk over the situa-

"I move we start walking up the May and ranch trail; we're almost sure to meet some one," counseled Olive.

"Yes," agreed Adele, "and if we don't, I'd rather sit out in the road all night than stay under the roof with that terrible old woman."

one—and before they reached it the old woman, with a wild skirl of laughter, slammed to the heavy shutter, and while they stood trembling, they could hear her bringing up a clothes pole to prop it. Then she pounded on the planks and shout-ed, 'I caught ye! I caught ye, now!" end-ing with mumbling chuckles and threats. ing with mumbling chuckles and threats.

"What shall we do! Oh, what can we do?" cried Olive. "Don't you supose her daughter will stop her? Let's call."

They called, but with no effect. Then Adele had another inspiration. "Here are some matches on the mantel," she announced, "suppose we set fire to the house and burn our way out!"

"You mad girl," answered Olive, laughing a little hysterically through her tears, "it would rough us of course, before there.

"it would roast us, of course, before there would be any breach big enough for us to get out through. And then, possibly the Browns might object, too.

"Listen, Adele," she exclaimed, cutting short the other's arguments in favor of the firing idea, "what's that wretch doing

The girls crouched down by the door and listened. The hag had gone to the front of the house, and seemed to be dancing and crooning a strange sort of

Adele turned, with eyes the size of saucshe breathed. "Oh, it is," as Olive seemed about to question; "it's the song they chant when they're going to kill some one—and L—hark, when they're they?" I-hark-what's that?"

I-hark-what's that?"
There was the sound of horses' hoofs, then a "halloo" and some laughter.
"What's up here, Yellow Feather?" a man's voice, which Olive recognized as Phillips Adams', called out cheerily.
"Yellow Feather want whisky, please, good gentlemens. Want whisky pienty bad," screamed the old woman.
"Whisky, ch?" echoed the man; and there was a chorus of laughter. "You've

"Whisky, eh? echoed the man; and there was a chorus of laughter. "You've just had a little too much of that same," continued the speaker, "and I'll warrant you've been up to some mischief."

This speech recalled the girls to their own situation, and they called for release, but to no avail. The men were joking the old. to no avail. The men were joking the old woman, she was shouting, and altogether there seemed to be too much noise for the

prisoners within the house to be able to make themselves heard. Up to this time they had supposed that the men were going to stop at the Flying M, and that they themselves would certainly be discovered and released. Olive was comforting herself that it would, after all, be a rather romantic situation, and a favorable introduction but it began to appear that, as the men found no one at home, they were preparing to ride on. The girls became aimost Olive pounded wildly on the wall with

book, caught up from the center table, screaming. 'Please wait! We're in here, and can't get out! Halloo. Halloo-oo-oo! Oh, Adele! Can't you think of anything to

"Yes," replied Adele, firmly. "I'm going

up the chimney."

"You can't—you'll—. Oh, Adele—you'll—"
But Olive spoke to an empty room.
The chimney at the Flying M was big and wide, built of stone, and with a capacious fireplace. Lithe, siender Adele had ducked her dark head, and vanished up the sooty

Olive heard her climbing and scrambling, and she leaned against the mantelpiece and laughed till she was too weak to give Adele the assistance for which she heard her begging in muffled tones.

her begging in muffled tones.

"Oh, Adele! Are you stuck up there? What do you want me to do?"

"Light a fire there in the fireplace and smoke 'em out." vociferated Adele in wild excitement. "It's chimney swallows. The chimney's full of nests, and the old birds are fighting me. Oh! Wow! Ow!"

"Smoke them out?" gasped Olive between laughing and crying. "Why, what would you do? You're—"

you do? You're-' But what Adele's reply was will never be But what Adde is reply was win never be known, for two full-grown swifts, in eager flight, struck Olive right in the inquiring countenance, which she had turned up to watch her friend's movements, and sent her back, covered with soot and flying

ashes, into the middle of the room.

The men had grown tired of chaffing Yellow Feather, and were preparing to depart, when their attention was attracted by a commotion in one of the ranch house chim-neys, from the top of which, as they looked. a flight of angry birds burst twittering out.
"What's that?" cried Burt Maynard, who
having gotten back earlier than he expected to, had fallen in with this party on his

A sooty head appeared above the chim-A sooty head appeared above the chimney ledge, then popped suddenly up, as Adele got firm footing on a higher projection; two grimy arms, which scattered soot like a black caricature of snow, were waved wildly, and the apparition shricked—"Oh, boys! Oh, Burt! Don't go away. We're shut up in here!" Then, as though the inadequacy of these tame words to express the tragic situation had just struck prose the tragic situation had just stru

way home.

press the tragic situation had just struck the speaker, she stretched out appealing hands and cried, "Help! Help! Fire!" and collapsing, missed her footing and vanished down the chimney, sending up a cloud of soot and twittering birds.

The other boys were so wild with laughter that nothing was to be gotten out of them; but Burt thought he recognized Adele in the distressful chimney sweep (who but Dele would pop her head out of a neighbor's chimney as you rode past, and shriek to you for help and rescue?) and, dismounting, he ran toward the house, calldismounting, he ran toward the house, call-ing to the others to keep the old woman, as he believed she had been in mischief. But Yellow Feather had fled at the first sight of the chimney climber, and was not

found, then or later. The other boys were too weak from laughter to give much assistance, and it was Phillips Adams who helped Burt dislodge the clothespole, push up the window and rescue his wife and sister, sooty, bruised, but able to tell their story. Poor Olive! It seemed to her that humiliation could go no further. Yet, when they were cleansed of soot and ashes, washed and repaired, and once more seated in their buckboard, she found it could. Adele, refreshed and in her right mind once more looked so distractingly pretty that she was beginning to pluck up some courage again (though Phillips had appeared to her during the entre episode more silent than she had ever known him), when Burt be-

Adele, who was as naif as a child, related the history of all the day's horrors. The boys, riding in a cavalcade about the buckboard, all joined their voices to Burt's and received the narration with guf-faws and whoops of delight—nobody was ever backward about laughing at Adele.
All but Phillips Adams. He scarce All but Phillips Adams. He scarcely smiled, and Olive, sitting in acute discomfort and wishing there was some way to silence Adele or reach that husband of hers, who kept bringing out new and ludicrous points every few minutes, reflected dolefully that Phillips appeared utterly dis-

gan asking them about the adventure, and

gusted. Their Christmas was rescued. They were going to a range dinner gotten up by Phil-lips Adams in their honor, when he heard of the collapse of the Brown festivities, and cooked by Arlzona Sam, the best range cook in the Panhandle.

They had rib roast, broiled steaks and cutlets, the lightest of sour dough biscuits, chili con carne, stewed fruits, pies baked in Dutch ovens and that piece de resist-ance of a cow camp feast, the wonderful calf's head roast.

As they sat in the crisp, clear dusk-like an October evening-around the camp fire, telling Christmas stories, Olive found Phillips Adams at her side. She had hardly spoken to him thus far: indeed, she had avoided him. Now, as he looked across the smoke at Adele, he said, with a note of feeling in his deep voice: "I think, Mrs. Maynard, that I never saw so intrepid a spirit in so slight and tender of the same tender." spirit in so slight and tender a frame. Aren't you awfully proud of her? Hear those idiots laugh!" For the boys were having Adele recount for the twentieth time the episode of Redeye and the hen

But Olive looked at Phillips Adams' earn est face and was happy. He had taken Adele seriously, and the Christmas dinner which they didn't have at the Flying M was going to be a magnificent success after

Tommy—"Paw, what is an extraordinary session of the legislature?" Mr. Figg-"One in which no fool bills kind."-Indianapolis Journal.



ocked on the outside!

They ran to the one window—a back "Boys, how will you have your boots cook ed—fried on cre side, or turned over?"—

VINETA JIM'S STORY

Twice He Became a Hero Without Intending to Be.

BOTH TIMES HIS HORSE RAN AWAY

Carried Him Willy-nilly on to Deeds of Daring.

WILD WEST ADVENTURES

"Vineta Jim" is one of the officials at the Capitol. He is a man of great versatility and originality. He is not known as "Vineta Jim" here in Washington, but he is best known by that name down at his home in Tennessee and in certain sections of the west. He has a reputation as a writer, a cowboy and an Indian fighter. By many he is regarded as a great hero. His friends here know him best as a keen wit.

The other day he got confidential with a

Star reporter. "Accident often makes heroes," he said. Twice in my life I gained some fame. I have enjoyed the sensation of being a hero and have had my courage praised with loud acclaim, but I didn't have the courage to tell that it was all an accident. But the Boots On.

Sid. you re not in on this deal; keep out of it, and stop fumbling them guns. This is a layout of solitaire, and I'm going to play with my boots on and without any happen to know. That yarn was based. and have had my courage praised with loud that I couldn't get out of being a hero, and

I made the best of it.
"I went west from Tennessee to make my fortune. I got out on the cattle ranges and was looking for a job. I knew nothing at all about herding cattle. I could ride fairly well, as most southern men can, and could manage 'most any horse that another man could, but knew nothing about herding cattle, and had no sort of conception of woone of those big western herds was like.

"I had hardly got into camp among the cowboys on an immense cattle ranch when something happened, and the cry went up that there was a stampede. We were right out on the prairie and the herd of cattle, which was off at some distance, was coming on the jump in our direction. The cowng on the jump in our direction. The cow boys jumped on their horses and scattered for high places. I had no idea how serious a thing a stampede of cattle was. I had no conception of the size of the herd and did not realize the danger.

Reckless Riding.

"I rode straight toward the cattle on the dead run, trying to head them off as I would a few cows in a pasture. When I got pretty close to them the thing began to dawn upon me. In front of me were shousands of cattle, covering acres of ground, bearing down toward me like a charge of cavalry, fairly making the earth tremble with the tramp of their feet. Their dilated nostrils, great spreading horns and bulky forms wedged together in a great rushing mass convinced me that I had no business riding headlong into them. I wheeled my horse around and put out on the dead run The herd came thundering behind me. At every jump of my horse the bunch of cattle seemed to get bigger. They were right behind me. I was leading the charge. All at once I thought what would happen if my horse should stumble. I bore off a little to the right to get out of the line of their charge. They followed close in my lead. Still more sharply to the right I bore, but they were directly in my trail. They were following me to a dead certainty, and I could only guess what the finish would be, but I bore off still more to the right. Finally I got into heavily rolling ground, and, sceing my chance, I turned quickly behind a ridge and cut out directly to the left along the sunken ground, the ridge hiding me from view. The cattle kept on bearing to the right until they got to running in a great circle and got mixed and wound up to a standstill. When I appeared on the top of a ridge a mile away the cowboys came over to me on the gallop.
"'It's the best I ever saw!' cried one of them, slapping me on the shoulder.

never saw cattle milled better.' "I didn't know what he meant, but saw he was pleased, so I said nothing. They were all over-yhelming in their praise of my 'milling.' They said I had saved the herd, and took me up in triumph to the owner of the ranch. There was one of the cowboys I knew, called Yellow John, who owner of the ranch. came from the same county I did in Tennessee. I got him aside and asked him what it was all about and what 'milling

Regarded as a Hero.

"'I kinder thought you didn't know what you were doing,' he said, 'but don't say a word.' He then explained that 'milling was leading a stampeded herd off their straight, headlong course and getting them to run in a circle, so that they would get mixed up and locked in a bunch. Cowboys take the lead of a stampeded herd at the risk of their lives to save the herd from de

struction or heavy loss; and this is what I had done without intending to. "I took Yellow John's advice to say nothing, and was made a great hero of. I was at once taken into service, and was the highest paid cowboy on the ranch. With Yellow John's assistance I managed to

play out the hand.
"I was still enjoying the glory of this adventure, when, in 1882, the Creek war broke out, and Lieut. Black was ordered to prevent a collision between the two hands of Indians, one under Speche and the other under Chicotah. Lleut. Black re-cruited his comparty with some of the most daring of the cowboys, and Yellow John and I were of the party. The two bands of Indians had been advancing toward each other, and were separated by a range of hills, and there were but two passes through which they could go. Lieut. Black's troops were camped near one of these passes. Across the pass from the camp was an elevation commanding a view of both passes. Yellow John and I were stationed on this elevation to watch the further pass under orders to give the alarm at once if the Indians made a move. was not deemed possible that the Indians would attempt the pass between us and the camp. I had never had anything to do with Indians, and I don't suppose Yellow John had, but we kept our eyes and ears open. We did not hear a sound nor see a sight of an Indian.

. Brush With Indians. "Yellow John was on his horse and I was standing with my hand on the saddle. Directly there was a whiz, and an arrow went through the calf of Yellow John's leg, through the saddle tethers and into the horse. It was just enough to set the horse wild, and it dashed off toward the camp. I threw myself into my saddle, lost the eins, and my horse followed that of Yellow John. This happened in an instant. A shower of arrows followed the first one, and they came from between us and the and they came from between us and the camp. Neither of us had any control over his horse, nor any choice of what direction we would take. We knew the Indians were between us and the camp, and that we were dashing right into them, but we had to go where our horses took us. The Indians had refrained from using firearms lest they should alarm the camp. I do not know that they have that the arrest t just what happened, except that the arrows were whizzing about me and I was lying as close as I could to my horse's neck shooting, while the horse was going like all possessed. I rode into camp with a re-volver in each hand with all the chambers wolver in each hand with an the chambers empty. The troops got out and drove the Indians back, preventing their escape, that had been cleverly designed. The next morning I found that both flanks of my horse were powder-burnt. I had been shooting straight down into the ground with both hands, instead of shooting at with both hands, instead of shooting at the Indians. I was so scared I did not know what I was doing. But I was a great hero. Lieut. Black complimented me on my daring, and it was reported to the department that the escape of old Speche had been prevented by the daring venture of Vineta Jim and Yellow John—only giving our right names—who had fought their way through and warned the command.

"I did not like to look at Yellow John, and he avoided looking at me when these and he avoided looking at me when these things were being said."

from the Cincinnati Enquirer. Perry Patettic-"I hear you was caught takin' a bath, more or less."



STRANGE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

BOTH WERE BAD MEN

TWO TERRORS OF THE SOUTHWEST

Dynamite Dick Was a Member of Bill Dalton's Gang.

RED BUCK'S GAME FINISH



ETHOUGHTIT rather singular down our way that Charlie Clifton, better known as 'Dynamite Dick,' and 'Red' Buck Wakeman, a former member of Clifton's gang of desperadoes, should have been killed so close together, both in point of time and place,' said Frank S. Wickthall, a business man from Guthrie, Okla., to a Star man at the Shoreham the other night.

"A couple of deputy United States marshals let the daylight in and the life out of Wakeman on the trail a couple of miles from Caecotah, I. T., on Sunday, November 7, and on the following day another set of marshals rounded Clifton up in Sid Wilhis fire. liams' shack, fifteen miles west of Checotah, and managed to give him his finishing dose of lead after one of the hottest oneagainst-many gun fights on record. The reason we thought it queer was because Clifton and Wakeman were known to have been deadly enemies for the last couple of years, although they were formerly sworn comrades in banditism. Wakeman having once been, as I said, a member, and a mighty important one, of Dynamite Dick's gang. Wakeman broke away from Clifton's gang about three years ago and formed an organization of his own. Cliften, it was said around the territory, didn't mind this so much-for he wasn't a man, you see, to place obstacles in the paths of his friends' ambitions—but when Wakeman got collared in a clean hold-up by a posse of marshals in the Cherokee country a couple of years ago, and landed in the jail at Guthrie, he did a bit of 'peaching' on his old chief that caused Clifton to give it out that he purposed killing Wakeman Wakeman escaped from the on sight. Guthrie jail before his case came to jail, but he never managed to get his gang together again, because of the way he wilted when he was locked up. He be-came a drifter around the two territories, employing all of his wit and his knowledge of the country to keep out of the way of the detached parties of marshals that he knew were after him. When he was caught and given his quietus on the Checker. cotah trail last month it is not likely that he had the smallest notion that his former chief was pocketed in a shack only a dozen miles away, or he would probably have forsaken that neighborhood on the double before the marshals got him, for Wakeman is said to have feared Dynamite Dick more than he did the combined civil and military

probably knew that his kite was punctured. for he said to Williams: 'Sid, you're not in on this deal; keep out

coaching."
"Then, instead of making his fight from

the cagin window holes and from cracks between the logs, like a good many less nervy bad men have done when similarly rounded up, he pushed Williams and his wife and children into a corner of the shack, gave each of the two kids a hughle had a couple of his corn. he had a couple of his own, you see—and then he grabbed the two guns out of his belt lying on his bunk, sprang to the cabin door and threw it wide open, and gave the

"He opened fire on the group of marshals all of them mounted, with the words, and got four of them pretty badly before they let him have the volley that sent him over

"Wakeman didn't make such a bad finish, either, although he did it from the brush and not exactly in the open. He was on the Checotah trail, most likely bound for Wichita, Kan., where he had friends, when the two marshals who had been beating the two territories for him came up behind him on foot. He did not hear their ap-proach, but plodded on in an apparent sense

of security.

"'Hey, there, Red,' one of the marshals called after him when only thirty feet separated them, 'are you ready to be taken in now, or is it a case of shoot?'

Began to Fire. "The marshals told us afterward in Guthrie that Wakeman didn't even turn around to see if he was covered-as he was, by the four guns of the two marshals-but simply made a sidewise leap from the trail into the brush, so quickly that the four walls they sent after him as he made the move came nowhere near hitting him. With only his head and shoulders sticking above the brush. Wakeman turned upon his hunters. who were still shooting at him, and began

"He died, riddled with bullets, and went into eternity with that word on his lips, which seems characteristic enough as the parting worl of a bad man, if rather hor-rifying. Neither of the marshals was "But to get back to Charlie Clifton, or

'Shoot?' he yelled. 'You bet your

grazed Dynamite Dick. I knew him when he was a chubby-faced boy in Davenport, Iowa nearly twenty-five years ago. He belonged to a first-rate middle-class family, had a lot of brothers and sisters, who are now scattered throughout the northwest, and was about as nice, clean, intelligent, up-right a little chap as you'd want to meet. He used to come around to the grocery store in Davenport where I then worked as a to-hand encounters I had had with Indians, and all that sort of thing. The Clifton family moved away from Davenport before Charlie was eleven years old, and the next time I saw the boy was in Kansas City, about seven years later. He was then working in a hardware store, and he was still all right and honest, with nothing of the bad man about him. I happened into the store accidentally, and recognized the young fellow right off, as he did me.

"'You're all right, old man,' said he to me, 'if you are the worst fakir that ever tried to stuff a kid. D'ye remember them Injun yarns?"

An Unexpected Meeting.

"Well, the next time I saw Charife Clifton he was Dynamite Dick, and bad. It was soon after the opening of the last Oklahoma strip, and my partner and myself were on our way down in a prairie authorities of the United States. Nor can schooner to locate a business plant. We



OVER THE FARO TABLE.

t be at all likely that Clifton knew that Wakeman was anywhere in his vicinage, or he would certainly have gone after him, in spite of the cliques of marshals that he knew were gradually hemming him in, alone and accidentally detached from his gang, in the Checotah country.

Sid Williams' shack was characteristic of the man. He was a bad lot, this Charlie Clifton, but this has got to be said of him: He was a fighter in the open. He was never known to crack a gun from ambush. After this posse had chased him all over the Cherokee nation, making the game so swift for him that he voluntarily furswift for him that he voluntarily fur-loughed his gang so as to give each man an even chance to squeeze out of the network of hunters himself, he made for Williams' cabin in the Checotah country, with the re-solve of taking his last stand there. Wil-liams, although an honest man himself, was an old friend of Clifton's, and the des-perado knew that he could depend upon him. Williams lived in the shack with his wife and two children, and when Dynamite Dick turned up he gave him the best wel-come he knew how, for the two men had Wayworn Watson—"Wot could I do? A woman throwed a whole bucket of soapsuds on me, an' you didn't think I was goin' to let it stay on an' soak into me system, did

took the trail from Wichita, and it was a bad trail at that, so that we didn't cover very much ground in a day. We had been about eight days, and had gotten pretty well into the territory, when one night, just as we were preparing to make camp in the wagon, three men on horseback rode up in A Characteristic Fight.

"The fight that Clifton put up against the posse of nine marshals who finally put it on him and wound him up in the door of Sid Williams' shack was characteristic of gear, making ready for supper, and said

took the trail from Wichita, and it was a

'Anything much in the wagon, cap? "I kind o' thought the voice sounded fa-miliar, and I looked up and took a good peek at the man's face in the moonlight. It was Charlie Clifton. He hadn't recognized me in the shadow cast by the schoon-er's hood.
"'What the devil's that to you?' said I,

"'What the devil's that to you?' said I, going on with my rassling with the pans.
"'Well,' said he, cool as you please, 'be-cause I'm under foraging orders from Bill, and I guess I'll take what you've got.'
"'Well,' said I, 'you're a pretty nervy ombrey. Bill who?"
"'Bill Dalton,' he replied, quiet like, and I guess I made a pretty quick turn on him them.

"'Why, blast your hide, Charlie Clifton,"

said I, shaking a pan at him, for the thing said I, snaking a pan at him, for the thing made me feel pretty warm, 'do you mean to tell me that you've gone and got yourself mixed up with Bill Dalton's gang of cutthroats? What the devil do you mean by it, hey? I've got a good notion to pull you off that horse and spank you, like I've done many a time before.

many a time before."

"The young fellow recognized me, and had the grace to look a bit ashamed of himself. He called me out by name, gave me his hand impetuously, and I guess he was pretty glad to see me.

"What kind of a game is this you've got yourself tied up with?" I asked him after a while. 'How'd it happen, any-how?" many a time before."

With Bill Dalton's Gang.

"But he wouldn't give me any information whatever about himself, and told me that the gang, Bill Dalton's, with which he was connected, was being closely pressed by a posse on account of a big bank robbery down in Longview, Tex., and that they were pretty short of rations, which was the reason he had rubbernecked around our schooner when we hove in 'Well, my lad,' I said to him, you can

jump in here and feed till you bust, even if you have gone back on all my teachings and become a robber of honest men, if nothing worse. But nary a bite do your pardners with you get, and you don't tote any stuff out of this wagon to your camp of billers without of

been boys together in Iowa. When the nine marshals finally located Clifton and surrounded Williams' cabin, the bandit probably knew that his kite was punctured. by the name of Dynamite Dick was pure foolishness. These accounts stated that he was in the habit of boring holes in his upon the merest supposition, for the rea-son that all of the men Clifton killed in close duels—and he killed nearly a dozen then in this way—had their carcasses badly shattered and torn. Clifton was a dead shot, and in close fights he always simed for his man's throat or abdomen, and thus his builets made bad, gaping wounds. But the dynamite story was entire nction.

Appeared in Guthrie.

"A couple of years after I had gone into business in Guthrie, when the town was becming along fit to take rank with New York, as a good many of us thought, Charlie Clifton walked in on me one day with a nice-looking girl on his arm. This was right after the big bank robbery at It galls, Okla., which was committed by the Dalton gang, and I felt pretty certain that Dynamite Dick, this former chubbyfaced boy of mine, who I now knew was regarded as the worst desperado in the two territories, had been mixed up in the robbery. His appearance in Guthrie like to have taken my breath away.

"You were in the Ingalis affair?" I said to him when he got away from the young woman a moment. 'Pon't you lie to me,

bey,' I went on, for I saw him wavering a "He owned up to it. "Well, what have you come to Guthrie fer—to get hung?" I asked him.
"He replied that he wasn't known in Guthrie, and that he had come there to get his wife the young women with him.

ris wife, the young woman with him, whom he had married in Kansas City when the girl was only fourteen years old. "Does she know what you are?" I in-

guired of him.

"'No,' he answered, 'and she won't, either, if I can help it.'

"He was put to the issue on that question not ten minutes later. He left my store with his wife for a livery stable, where he was to get a team and pull out for some point he wouldn't mention to me —and I didn't particularly care to know, as far as that's concerned. As the two went down the street Turk Hackett, the proprietor of a faro layout in Guthrie, and a pretty dangerous man, stumbled out of a salocn drunk and bumped hard against Clifton's young wife. If Clifton had been alone, Hackett would have been a doad ran in three seconds. As it was, Dynamite Dick, witth his teeth hard set, as some men who saw the incident told me, simply turned and looked at Hackett. Hackett returned the stare, and then, with the im-pudence of drunkenness-he did not know pudence of drunkenness-he did not know Clifton from Adam-he walked up to the

A Foolish Thing to Do.

" 'Den't like the bumpin' game, ch, Bill?" he said. 'But you'll get used to it down in he gave the worst man in the two territeries a shove with his right shoulder that almost threw him off his feet. Then he stood and laughed maudlinly. Clifton walked up to his wife.
"'Come on, Grace,' he said, and the two

walked on down the street. "Three months later Hackett moved with his flyer faro layout to Southwest City, Mo. It was only a week after he made the move that Clifton walked in on him one afternoon before the game had opened appropriate the play. A lot of hangers-on were standing around. Clifton approached Hackett from behind and tapped him on the shoulder.

der.

"'Have you any fighting tools on you?'
Clifton asked him.

"That's a monkey sort of question to ask,' replied Hackett. 'I've always got'em on me. What's it to you?'

"Because,' said Clifton, 'I have always made it a practice never to kill an unarmed man if I can help it. And I'm going to kill you as soon as you get to your feet and face me.'

"Hackett was on his feet and facing him." and face me."

"Hackett was on his feet and facing him in half a second, and he was dead in about the same space of time. The hangers-on never made a move. Clifton's horse was outside, and he got out of Southwest City in a mild canter, with nobody after himfor only a few menths before the Dalton gang had robbed a hank in Southwest City.

gang had robbed a bank in Southwest City and killed a number of citizens in the breakaway, and the people of the township had got pretty nearly enough of bad man chasing.
"I don't believe that Clifton's wife ever learned what sort of a man her husband was. He married her under the name of

Was. He married her under the hame of Foote, and the last I heard of her she was living with her two children in Kansas City. Dynamite Dick made occasional quiet visits to see his family.

Duel With Dalton. "The story about Clifton's handkerchief duel with Bill Dalton is genuine. The two men had been growling over the division of plunder for a long while, until, about five years ago, the quarrel came to a head, and the two men shot at each other in hot blood down in the Choctaw country, both missing because their shoot-ing arms were thrown up by members of the band. Then both Clifton and Dalton made a declaration. There wasn't room for both of them in the same gang. They were a unit on that point. Clifton an-

"There was liquor aboard all hands at the time of this talk, and both Clifton and Dalton were at least half drunk, as Wake-man, who was a member of the gang at the time, confessed when he was locked up in Guthrie. The duel was quickly arup in Guthrie. The duel was quickly arranged. With their guns in their right hands, the two men grasped the ends of a red bandanna handkerchief with their left hands, and stood back to back. Cal Forman, one of the worst members of the gang, gave the command to fire. Dalton lurched as he turned to fire, and his pister was discharged prematurely. Clifton tol was discharged prematurely. Clifton caught Dalton in the right shoulder and gave him a bad wound. Neither man hav-

Polarity and Railroad Iron

esting collection of statistics which prove the influence that magnetism is exerting in producing phenomena, which otherwise would be inexplicable. Among other things, he shows that in making a railroad running east and west, as many as thirteen steel rails will become crystallized and break, before one rail on a north and south track is similarly affected. This is due to the generation of magnetism by friction, and to the fact that in the former instance the polarity of magnetic current is resisted in polarity of magnetic current is resisted in the rush of the train; whereas, in the latter

were a unit on that point. Clifton announced that he would quit the outfit and start a gang of his own. Daiton wouldn't have this, probably out of fear as much as from selfishness.

"'All right,' said Clifton, 'then we fight this thing out at powder-singeing range.

this thing out at powder-singeing range, and the man that lives, if either of us does live, runs this outfit.

ing been killed, as was anticipated, Clifton quit the band forthwith and formed the organization of his own that terrorized the two territories more than the Dalton boys and their desperadoes ever did.

From Tit-Bits. Prof. Berton has just published an inter-

case it is undisturb

Cholly—"Are you positive she is not in?"
The Maid—"I am; I'd lose my job if I wasn't."—Puck.